

After A Nightmare

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After A Nightmare

by [ItsaMePatches](#)

Summary

Dear Diary,

I've found myself refusing to go back to sleep after a dream I had...

So, it wasn't actually a mere dream, but rather a nightmare -- a nightmare which spoke to me. It made me relive things I've caused in the past such as kidnapping Baby and taking Happyman's factory...and then having those moments question my reasoning for their purpose. Why did this happen? Why did that happen?

...could it be that my subconscious is finally speaking up about those moments in light of everything in my life changing day by day?

I don't know.

Notes

I've been wanting to do a(n) RBG fan-fic for a while but didn't know what to write about, but thanks to the new episode ("Nightmare"), I finally had an idea. :B

Who knows? I might write another RBG story in the future. We'll see.

(After A) Nightmare

It was the early morning hour when the sun's rays gave the atmosphere of the land a heavenly, majestic effect. This made Sneezy's morning walk outside even more enjoyable than usual.

Sneezy stopped walking momentarily and then glanced up at one of the many cherry blossom trees. He couldn't help but admire the pink petals. No wonder John came here often. Very serene...

He walked off. Time to continue.

Sneezy soon found himself back inside. Suddenly, as he wandered down a hall and got closer to the library, his ears picked up on the sound of sipping. How odd...

He paused walking; however, after a few seconds of listening to the sips, he approached the library entrance.

Dear Diary,

I've found myself refusing to go back to sleep after a dream I had...

So, it wasn't actually a mere dream, but rather a nightmare -- a nightmare which spoke to me. It made me relive things I've caused in the past such as kidnapping Baby and taking Happyman's factory...and then having those moments question my reasoning for their purpose. Why did this happen? Why did that happen?

...could it be that my subconscious is finally speaking up about those moments in light of everything in my life changing day by day?

I don't know.

Little King John took another sip from his yellow and red mug, his tired eyes staring off at the farthest window, giving him a view of the shimmering ocean outdoors.

I can't remember how long I've been awake, but I know I've consumed four cups of coffee from the comfort of the library. I feel as though I need even more coffee to get me through today.

...my body is worn, but yet, I'm alert.

He sipped once more.

I feel troubled about what to make of my nightmare.

“John?”

He almost jumped in his chair, but forced himself to instead turn to his right (where the entrance was) and saw Sneezy standing there. “Sneezy! Why are you here? You usually sleep in! You shouldn't be here!”

Sneezy's tail wagged briefly. “Actually, if I must be honest, you tend to sleep in longer than I...by, about, three or four hours.”

The king huffed.

Sneezy finally decided to enter and then joined Little King John at the table. Along with the half full mug of coffee sitting on the table, Sneezy almost made a double-take of what else was discarded there.

...his crown.

“Funny,” Sneezy spoke, “you're not wearing your crown!” He nudged his head upwards. “Not even your royal garment is on you.”

Little King John said nothing in response and, instead, clutched onto his mug and took another sip. Once he did, he sat it down but kept a looser hold on it.

There was a moment of silence between the two of them...both wondering about different things that was of concern.

After a brief check of the rat's face, Sneezy broke the silence, questioning, “John, did you even sleep a wink at all? You appear to have rings underneath your eyes...”

Silence.

“In fact, you look as though you've seen a ghost or two.”

“I might as well have,” Little King John replied. He turned his eyes to the window he was staring at minutes ago, avoiding Sneezy's gaze. “Sneezy,” he inquired, “have you ever regretted something you've done in the past?”

He blinked. Well well, something truly *was* troubling the king!

Sneezy thought for a second. "I would be lying if I were to say 'no' to that." His tail wagged a bit. "We all take actions we believed were right for ourselves but realize down the road that they were not. We learn to accept our mistakes and learn from them."

Little King John's eyes fell downcast to his drink.

"John, you've acknowledged the error of your ways and have the desire to improve yourself, your behaviour. It is a case of positive change."

"Positive change...?"

"You'll see. After all, you've been steadily changing by the day in comparison to when we first met. The damage has been done, but there are other ways to make amends in the future."

He hummed in thought and drunk the rest of his warm beverage. "Then I wish this 'change' was a lot more polite with its message. It was very rude last night trying to scare me."

Sneezy couldn't restrain his tail from wagging at Little King John.

Sneezy thinks what I went through might be a positive change in my behavior. Perhaps that's the case.

Giving it some additional thought along with my nightmare was telling me, it's safe to say I regret kidnapping Baby and taking Happyman's factory.

As Sneezy said: I might not be able to repair those events, but there are other means to make amends.

You'll see.

P.S. If my conscious or subconscious decide to give me another message like that nightmare, they will truly regret doing so to Little King John.

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